The Truth at Last.

To the Tune of, *Which No-body can deny.*

1.

COME all ye Brave Boys, and High-Church-Men, draw near,
I'll tell you a Story 'twill delight ye to hear;
'Tis of Miniſters, Changes, Trade, Peace, and War.
Which No-body, &c.

2.

Some two Years ago the Poor Church ſick at Heart,
Look'd as wan as if She and Her Friends were to part,
Till a Pulpit-Phyſician gave a Caſt of his Art.
Which No body, &c.

3.

My Brethren, ſaid he, I think 'tis no Wonder,
The Church is in ſuch a ſad Caſe, Blood and Thunder,
The Whigs are Triumphant, and we are kept under.
Which No-body, &c.

4.

Now I do affirm t' ye, theſe Men do deſign
To Un-king the Q—, and keep out the Right Line,
Damn Paſſive-Obedience, and Our Right Divine.
Which No-body, &c.

5.

Shou'd their Damnable Doctrines be once Underſtood,
That Princes and Prieſts are but meer Fleſh and Blood,
You'll be apt to Obey 'em but juſt while they're good.
Which No-body, &c.

6.

Whereas a good Subject and Chriſtian, ye know,
The more he's abus'd the more loving ſhould grow,
As the Cuff and Cloak Text moſt fully does ſhow.
Which No-body, &c.

7.

Let us therefore all joyn with Heart and with Voice,
To cry down theſe Rogues, and cry up a new Choice,
So we ſhall have all the Fat Places, brave Boys.
Which No-body, &c.

8.

When the People had heard this Doctrine ſo ſound,
Which the Doctor on Proofs and good Profit did found,
They're reſolv'd, One and All, the *Whigs* to confound.
Which No-body, &c.

9.

How this Doctor was baited, and how he got clear,
What Feats he did ſince, and were done elſewhere,
No Mortal that had Ears, that cou'd, but did hear.
Which No-body, &c.

10.

Now as ſoon as the True Sons of the C— got ground,
You can't think how much better all things were found,
For Mother and Sons lookt freſh, brisk, plump and (ſound.
Which No-body, &c.

11.

Now to prove our Dear Mother is out of her Pain,
To Miracle-working ſhe's taken again,
She never wrought ſuch in the late *Whigiſh* Reign.
Which No-body, &c.

12.

You muſt know, with a Debt of Ten Millions at leaſt,
They found the poor Nation moſt ſadly oppreſt;
And if they cou'd pay 't without Money 'twas beſt.
Which No-body, &c.

13.

For this End they gave them a Rich *South-Sea* Trade,
And told 'em by that twice as much might be paid;
For who cou'd e'er doubt but 'twas there to be had?
Which No-body, &c.

14.

This coming from One ne'er thought a Deceiver,
Made the Faithful All think the Project was clever,
And ſurely 'tis Payment to every Believer.
Which No-body, &c.

15.

In another Point too we all ſettled have been,
That by Paſſive-Obedience and Right-Divine,
K— *James* was turn'd out, and K. *William* brought in.
Which No-body, &c.

16.

That a certain Great Duke, we have reaſon to fear,
Has a Deviliſh Deſign to prolong the War,
As by beating Our Foes does moſt plainly appear.
Which No-body, &c.

17.

For this very Reaſon Brave *Hill* and *Argyle*
Have done nothing yet, tho' Abroad a great while,
Since Projects of Peace all Fighting does ſpoil.
Which No-body, &c.

18.

However if any more Conqueſts we need,
Each Hero, no doubt, to *Quebec* and *Madrid*
With Equal Diſpatch and Succeſs will proceed.
Which No body, &c.

19.

But now, God be thank'd, the War's near an End,
If on what great Ones ſay little Ones may depend;
For Old *Lewis* himſelf is grown our faſt Friend.
Which No-body, &c.

20.

For whatever Notions ſome People maintain,
King *Charles* and his Allies are Gainers, 'tis plain;
For we give poor *Phil.* nought but th' *Indies* and *Spain*.
Which No body, &c.

21.

May all Quarrels at Home and Abroad then ceaſe,
May the High-Church flouriſh and Low-Church decreaſe,
For the Abbot has brought a good Proteſtant Peace.
Which No-body, &c.

22.

May we All wiſh the Queen wou'd enliven our Hearts,
By giving Our Friends their proper Deſerts,
We know who'd enjoy Axes, Halters, and Carts.
Which No-body can deny.

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